

Production No. 5F02

The Simpsons

"TREEHOUSE OF HORROR VIII"

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and
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FINAL 1

Date 3/27/97

NOTE: FOR RECORD ONLY

"TREEHOUSE OF HORROR VIII"

Cast List

HOMER DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE JULIE KAVNER
BART NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA YEARDLEY SMITH
CENSOR HARRY SHEARER
KENT BROCKMAN HARRY SHEARER
MAYOR QUIMBY DAN CASTELLANETA
HERMAN HARRY SHEARER
FRENCH PRESIDENT HARRY SHEARER
TOURISTS DAN CASTELLANETA/HARRY SHEARER
KODOS DAN CASTELLANETA
KANG HARRY SHEARER
ALIEN HANK AZARIA
COMIC BOOK GUY HANK AZARIA
KRUSTY THE KLOWN DAN CASTELLANETA
MUTANT SIDESHOW MEL DAN CASTELLANETA
MUTANT DR. HIBBERT HARRY SHEARER
MUTANT MOE HANK AZARIA
MUTANT SKINNER HARRY SHEARER
MUTANT BURNS HARRY SHEARER
MUTANTS HANK AZARIA/HARRY SHEARER
..... DAN CASTELLANETA

MUTANT OTTO	HARRY SHEARER
MUTANT LENNY	HARRY SHEARER
MUTANT NED FLANDERS	HARRY SHEARER
MUTANT WIGGUM	HANK AZARIA
PROF. FRINK	HANK AZARIA
CAT	DAN CASTELLANETA
SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER ..	DAN CASTELLANETA
PRINCIPAL SKINNER	HARRY SHEARER
SUPERFLY BART	NANCY CARTWRIGHT
JIMBO	PAMELA HAYDEN
DOLPH	PAMELA HAYDEN
KEARNEY	NANCY CARTWRIGHT
NELSON	NANCY CARTWRIGHT
FLY-HEAD	HANK AZARIA
GOVERNOR QUIMBY	DAN CASTELLANETA
BURNS' LAWYER	DAN CASTELLANETA
CONSTABLE WIGGUM	HANK AZARIA
CROWD	DAN CASTELLANETA/ HANK AZARIA/HARRY SHEARER/ MARCIA WALLACE/ TRESS MACNEILLE/ MAGGIE ROSWELL
GOODMAN FLANDERS	HARRY SHEARER
PASTOR LOVEJOY	HARRY SHEARER
GOODMAN SKINNER	HARRY SHEARER
GOODMAN LENNY	HARRY SHEARER
SIDESHOW MEL	DAN CASTELLANETA
GOODMAN MOE	HANK AZARIA
GOODY KRABAPPEL	MARCIA WALLACE

SNOWMAN EDDIE HARRY SHEARER
PRINCESS LOU HANK AZARIA
SELMA JULIE KAVNER
PATTY JULIE KAVNER
GOODY MAUDE MAGGIE ROSWELL
ROD FLANDERS PAMELA HAYDEN
TODD FLANDERS NANCY CARTWRIGHT
RALPH NANCY CARTWRIGHT
SEA CAPTAIN HANK AZARIA

OPENING

SCENE 1

A conservative-looking MAN sits at a desk, carefully going over a script for "The Simpsons," and crossing out offensive lines. A nameplate reads "Fox Censor."

CENSOR

No. No. No. (BIG LAUGH) No.

(TURNING PAGE) Umm... I think we can do without the crack pipe. (LOOKING UP) Oh, hi. As the Fox censor, it's my job to protect you from reality. And thanks to my prudent editing, tonight's special Halloween show has been rated TV-G.

He points to a corner of the screen and the rating appears with a happy DING.

CENSOR (CONT'D)

This means there will be no raunchy NBC-style sex, or senseless CBS-style violence.

As he speaks, the TV rating slowly floats down toward him.

CENSOR (CONT'D)

Soo sit back and enjoy a night of worry-free...

Suddenly, the rating grows an arm wielding a butcher knife, and starts **STABBING** the censor again and again.

CENSOR (CONT'D)

(PAINED YELLS) What the fudge?! Oh,
for Pete's sake! (SHORT GRUNT)

Jimminy Christmas! Ahhh!

As the stabbing continues, we see the rating change to TV-PG, TV-14, TV-MA, TV-21 and finally, TV-666. The Censor **COLLAPSES** onto the desk and the CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the blood-splattered script cover which reads "The Simpsons' Halloween Special VIII."

CENSOR (CONT'D)

Darn it!

The rating returns to its original location with a happy **DING**.

THE HOMEGA MAN

by

Mike Scully

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

The FAMILY is watching TV.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN is reading the news. Behind him is a mortise of a hippopotamus wearing a police hat and badge.

KENT BROCKMAN

...and that's how an heroic hippo
became a deputy.

HOMER

Stupid hippo.

Brockman is handed a bulletin.

KENT BROCKMAN

This just in: tensions continue to
mount between Springfield and France
over Mayor Quimby's now famous "frog's
legs" joke. The French President has
threatened swift and massive
retaliation if he doesn't receive an
immediate apology.

HOMER

Stupid frog.

KENT BROCKMAN

We now go live to City Hall for Mayor
Quimby's response.

CUT TO:

MAYOR QUIMBY in front of reporters.

MAYOR QUIMBY

I stand by my ethnic slur. (TO CAMERA)
Do your worst you filthy, pretentious
savages!

ON FAMILY

MARGE

Homer, you know how unpredictable the
French are. One minute they're kissing
a woman's hand, the next they're
chopping off her head. What if they
start a war?

HOMER

Relax, I built a bomb shelter.

Homer lazily points outside to an empty refrigerator box
with a colorful beach umbrella sticking out of it. On the
side of the box is scrawled "U.S.A. #1".

LISA

That's not gonna protect us from
anything.

HOMER

Fine, then don't use it.

LISA

I won't.

HOMER

Good.

LISA

I know it's good.

HOMER

So do I.

LISA

I'm happy for you.

HOMER

You should be.

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - A LITTLE LATER

HERMAN is showing Homer the various bomb shelters.

HERMAN

Now this baby is called "The
Withstandinator". It can take a six
megaton blast, no more, no less.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED MOAN)

INT. SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Homer looks around the shelter.

HOMER

Blankets, radio... (SHORT GASP) Oh, a
Gary Larson calendar. (FLIPPING PAGES)
I don't get it. I don't get it. I
don't get it. I don't get it. I--
don't get it.

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS

SCENE 2

Over a lovely shot of the Eiffel Tower, **ROMANTIC ACCORDION MUSIC** plays.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. FRENCH MILITARY BASE - CONTINUOUS

Over a gloomy shot of a building surrounded by high fences and barbed wire, the **ROMANTIC MUSIC** continues.

INT. FRENCH MISSILE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The **FRENCH PRESIDENT**, flanked by some **MILITARY BRASS**, throws down a newspaper in disgust.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Sacre bleu! We will show those stupid

Americans who looks like zee frog, eh?

They all share a **HEARTY FRENCH LAUGH**, which causes their throats to puff out like frogs.

FRENCH PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Ready, aim...

Instead of saying "Fire," he pops his hand over his open mouth and makes the **FRITZ FELD SOUND**. One of the military men pushes a red button.

EXT. PARIS STREET - CONTINUOUS

With a **LOUD MECHANICAL SOUND**, the Eiffel Tower splits into two vertical halves, throwing **SCREAMING** tourists off of either side.

TOURISTS

(SCREAMS) / Ow! Oh! / My camera!

A hatch opens on the ground and a missile **SOARS** out. (A decal on the rocket displays the "Intel Inside" logo.)

EXT. SKY - LATER

The missile **ZOOMS** by a hovering spaceship containing **KANG** and **KODOS**.

KODOS

What the hell was that?!

KANG

(INTO RADIO) Calling home planet.

This is Ensign Kang reporting a cigar-shaped object moving at tremendous speed. Do you copy?

EXT. ALIEN PLANET - ESTABLISHING

INT. ALIEN COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Two OLDER FAT ALIENS are manning the communicator.

ALIEN

(PATRONIZING) Sure, Kang, I'm writing it all down...

He makes a "drinking" gesture. The other alien **FIGHTS A LAUGH** and makes the "crazy" gesture.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - LATER

The missile reaches Springfield and flies past City Hall. Quimby sees it through his office window.

MAYOR QUIMBY

I'll bet I get blamed for this.

MISSILE POV

It bears down on COMIC BOOK GUY, who's walking along, reading a comic book and eating a chili dog. He looks up at the missile bearing down on him and reacts.

COMIC BOOK GUY

(QUICKLY) Oh, I've wasted my life.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The missile **EXPLODES** with a blinding flash and a mushroom cloud that fills the sky.

ANGLE ON KRUSTY

exiting his stage door, talking on a cell phone.

KRUSTY

Uh, yeah, I want a table for two... by
the can, yes that's right. Hang on,
I'm getting some static here.

(TERRIFIED SCREAM)

In a **FLASH** of light Krusty is turned into a smoking skeleton. The skeleton still has his hair and red rubber nose.

INT. ARMY SURPLUS STORE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the shelter opens and Homer emerges, oblivious to the smoldering Herman. He finishes eating from a can marked "Steak."

HOMER

(AS HE PASSES, MOUTH FULL) You call
that a ten month food supply?

Homer exits.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Homer pulls into a line of cars with dead drivers. The light turns green. Homer leans on the **HORN**.

HOMER

(YELLING OUT WINDOW) It's green,
moron. Earth to stupid guy, hullo?
(GETTING OUT OF CAR) (BUILDING ANGER
SOUND) Maybe a little friendly
punching will move your ass.

Homer walks to the car in front of him. He punches SMITHERS in the head and he **CRUMBLES** to ash.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PROUDLY) Heh, still got it...

Homer looks around and sees all the other CORPSES.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Geez, what's with all the death?

He spots the still-standing skeleton of BENEVENSTANCiano the newspaper vendor. He's holding a paper with the headline, "Neutron Bomb Headed for Springfield." A sub-headline reads, "Hippo Promoted to Detective."

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Everyone's gone! (TEARY)

(OVERWHELMED GASP) Little Bart...

Homer's image of Bart swinging a baseball bat floats by.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Little Lisa-a-a...

His image of Lisa swinging a baseball bat floats by.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Little Marge...

His image of Marge floats by, also swinging a baseball bat.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And the rest.

An image of MAGGIE, SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER, SNOWBALL II, and the TV floats by.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CRYING) I've lost everything. I
can't go on. (THEN, STANDING,
DETERMINED) No, no, no! I can't just
wallow in sadness. It's time to laugh
again. (GIGGLES) I'm the last man
alive!

We CUT TO an overhead shot of a deserted Springfield.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And I can do everything I've always
wanted!

His voice echoes through the city.

MONTAGE

A) He runs past a dead movie USHER into the Aztec Theater.
We CUT TO Homer sitting in the middle of a row full of dead
people eating their refreshments. On the movie screen, we
see a FAT GUY and a SKINNY GUY, just running around in
circles and SCREAMING.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh Spade, why did you put Farley in
charge of the bees? (TO TALL CORPSE IN
FRONT OF HIM) Hey buddy, down in
front.

Homer GRUNTS and lazily KICKS the CORPSE'S head off and
CHUCKLES.

B) In the supermarket, we see Homer sitting in a grocery
cart. He is using a FLOOR BUFFING MACHINE as an outboard
motor, as he trolls the aisles, sampling various foods. He
spots a CORPSE holding a tray of bacon puffs.

HOMER

Ooo, free samples.

He turns the cart hard-a-starboard and **SPEEDS** to the food.

C) At the power plant, Mr. Burns' chair **SPINS** around and we see Homer is sitting in it.

HOMER

Well, who's the boss, now?

He sits silent for a couple beats, staring blankly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Damn right.

He sits for another beat, then quietly gets up, pushes the chair in, and leaves.

D) At a car dealership, Homer drives out of the showroom plate glass window in a fancy red convertible. He gleefully begins **LAUGHING** as he **RAMS** fire hydrants, trees, parked cars, etc. He pulls the car over. Homer staggers out of the car and sits on the curb, holding his head in pain.

HOMER

(WEAK LAUGH)

SCENE 3

E) With a boom box blasting the song "**WAR**," Homer is dancing naked. We **WIDEN** to reveal he is on the church altar.

HOMER

(SINGING) "War! Hunh! Good God

y'all! / What is it good for? /

Absolutely nothin'! Say it again!"

Okay!

A mysterious pale hand reaches out of the darkness and **SHUTS OFF** the boom box.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, what happened to the tunes?

Homer quickly throws his clothes on and sees a small group of **TOWNSPEOPLE**, wearing black cloaks and carrying torches. Their faces are pale white and their eyes have no color.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHORT SCREAM, THEN) Hey, what the hell's goin' on? Where'd you get those cloaks?

MUTANT SIDESHOW MEL

Silence! (SHORT BEAT) You're talking too loud.

MUTANT DR. HIBBERT

Not everyone died in the blast, Homer. Some of us were merely horribly mutated. (CHUCKLES)

HOMER

(GASP) You're mutants?

MUTANT MOE

Ah, we don't like the word "mutants," Homer. We prefer "freaks" or "monsters."

MUTANT PRINCIPAL SKINNER

(GRAVELY) We're creating a new perfect society, in which the mistakes of the past will be eliminated.

MUTANT BURNS

(SINISTER) And now you must die.

They slowly advance on Homer.

HOMER

No!

Homer grabs a handful of candles and throws them, setting several mutants on fire.

MUTANTS

(SCREAM) / Oh!

HOMER

You want me? Come and get me!!

MUTANT MOE

Get him!

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

A frightened Homer runs out of the church, chased by the mutants.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Homer jumps into a hearse parked in front of the church. He casually **PUSHES** the dead driver out the door, then looks in the back of the hearse and **SCREAMS**.

HOMER

(FRIGHTENED) A c... a coffin!

He turns back around to see several mutants climbing on the car. Homer **PEELS OUT, KNOCKING** over some of the mutants.

MUTANT OTTO

To the Mutant Mobile, man!

MUTANT MOE

(CORRECTING) Freak Mobile! Freak

Mobile!

MUTANT OTTO

Sorry.

They pile into a "Road Warrior"-style hot rod made from scavenged car and truck parts and **TAKE OFF** after Homer.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OTHER DIRECTION - CONTINUOUS

Musical equipment is being unloaded from a bus marked "Johnny and Edgar Winter Tour." JOHNNY and EDGAR stand nearby. Homer spots them and **SWERVES** to hit the albino entertainers.

HOMER

Die, you chalk-faced goons!

The mutants catch up to Homer and pull up alongside him.

MUTANT LENNY

Come on, we just wanna eat your skin!

HOMER

Go to hell, cloaky!

Homer **SLAMS** his vehicle into theirs, knocking several mutants off. Both vehicles **SCREECH** to a stop on Homer's front lawn. Homer runs inside and **LOCKS** the door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS FOUR TIMES) Safe at last.

The **DOORBELL** rings.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That better not be the mutants.

Homer **OPENS** the door. It's the mutants.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCREAMS)

MARGE (O.S.)

Homie, is that you?

Homer spins around to see his family is perfectly fine.

HOMER

(GASPS) Marge! Kids! You're alive!

BART

No duh, Dad...

LISA

All the layers of lead paint in this
house made it the perfect bomb shelter.

They all hug. The mutants are touched by the reunion
scene.

HOMER

Ohh, com'ere

MUTANTS

Awww.

MUTANT WIGGUM

Kinda brings a tear to your eye socket.

MUTANT DR. HIBBERT

Um-hm, in the midst of all the killing
and skin-eating, somehow, we forgot the
love.

MUTANT MOE

Yeah, ain't that always the way? You
get nuts with the skin eating.

MUTANT FLANDERS

You know, I don't see any reason why
Freaks and Norms can't get along.

The mutants **MURMUR** in agreement. The Simpsons smile.

MUTANT MEL/SKINNER/MOE/BURNS/WIGGUM

Yes, I think he's right. / Um-hm. /

Yeah, why not? / Yes. / Yeah. /

Absolutely.

MUTANT FLANDERS

We can all work together to... to
build a Utopian society, free of
violence, hate, and prejudice.

MARGE

Well, let me just say, my family and I
share your vision for a better NOW!

From behind their backs, Marge, Bart and Lisa whip out
shotguns and **BLAST** away at the mutants who fall in a heap.

MUTANTS

(DYING SCREAMS)

MARGE (CONT'D)

(SNORTS) Friends with mutants, right.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED) Now that's the Marge I
married.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOMER (O.S.)

So, who wants to steal some Ferraris?

BART/MARGE/LISA (O.S.)

Yo! / Yayyy! I do! / I do! / Right
here! / Hello! / Yay! / I do! / I do! /
Now you're talkin', Dad! / Let's go!

FADE OUT:

THE END

FLY VS. FLY

by

David S. Cohen

FADE IN:

EXT. PROFESSOR FRINK'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

SCENE 4

A sign reads "Garage Sale Today." THE SIMPSONS browse through Professor Frink's scientific doo-dads, which include a **PULSATING** brain for fifty cents. Lisa picks up a widget (the classic MAD Magazine optical illusion) priced at twelve dollars.

LISA

Wow, look at all these gadgets! If I were a nerd, I'd be in heaven.

PROFESSOR FRINK approaches Homer and Marge.

PROF. FRINK

Good morning, ma'am. Good afternoon, sir. (HOLDS UP WATCH) It passed noon while I was speaking, so that was technically accurate.

HOMER

(LOUD WHISPER) He's crazy.

MARGE

Uhh, Professor? I'm less interested in crazy gizmos, and more interested in regular things, like corn-holders. Mainly corn-holders. Do you have any corn-holders?

Frink holds up a couple of small, corn-shaped corn-holders.

PROF. FRINK

Only the superconducting variety,
ma'am. See, they hold the ear of corn
so tightly that not even ten
consecutive atomic blasts can dislodge
it with the kaboom, and the kablang,
and the bing, bang, blathe. They're
two for a quarter.

Bart sees a pair of bell-bottom pants that keep changing
color.

BART

Hey Einstein ("EIN-STEEN"), how much
for the mood pants?

PROF. FRINK

(CONSIDERS) Buuhll... how much you
got?

Nearby, a ROBOT looks around sneakily, sticks a "SOLD" tag
on its chest, and starts to walk off nonchalantly. Frink
runs over and grabs it by the arm.

PROF. FRINK (CONT'D)

Nice try, Floyd. But you were designed
for scrubbing, and scrubbing is what
you shall do.

Frink hands the robot a mop. It trudges back inside, head
drooped in despair. Homer strolls past, **WHISTLING** happily,
and wanders into a high-tech, phone-booth-sized capsule.
He vanishes in a bright **FLASH**. An identical capsule opens
about ten feet away, and Homer walks out, still **WHISTLING**.

HOMER

(IMPRESSED NOISE)

PROF. FRINK

I take it from that little impressed noise that you are interested in purchasing that matter transporter, sir.

HOMER

(LOOKING AT PRICE TAG) Hmmm, two bucks... (CAGILY) And it only transports matter? Umm... Well, ah... I'll give you 35 cents.

PROF. FRINK

Sold! But I must warn you, this device carries a frighteningly high risk of catastrophic...

HOMER

(INTERRUPTING) I said I'll take it.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Homer stands proudly at the base of the staircase near one of the transporter pods. The family members look on.

HOMER

This mountain of stairs used to make bedtime a grueling chore. But not any more, baby!

Homer steps into the pod and **DISAPPEARS**. He **REAPPEARS** in the other transporter pod at the top of the stairs, and steps out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CHUCKLES) Good night, losers!

As he swaggers off, we see his butt is on fire.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Homer sits on the couch watching TV. The transporter is right next to him.

HOMER

Man, how'd I live without this thing?

Without getting up, he reaches one arm into the device.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Homer's arm snakes out of the other chamber. It opens the refrigerator door and gropes around for a beer. It misses several beer cans and grabs a can labelled "CAT EAR MEDICINE." He pulls it back through.

HOMER (O.S.)

(DEEP MOAN, THEN) Oh, man that's good.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Homer places a transporter pod in front of the toilet.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Homer turns toward the other device while **HUMMING** a happy tune, and **UNZIPS** his fly.

MARGE

Homer, no!

HOMER

(ZIPS UP FLY) (DISAPPOINTED MOAN)

Bart enters.

BART

Hey Dad, can I use the transporter sometime? Please, I swear I'll be careful.

HOMER

Sorry, but this is a highly
sophisticated doowhackey. If you
don't use it responsibly... (GESTURING
GRANDLY) Kablamo!

Homer gestures vigorously, one arm flying into the machine.
From off screen, we hear a **THUD**.

LISA (O.S.)

Ow! Someone just punched me in the
face!

HOMER

(CALLING) It was your mother.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SCENE 5

Both pods are there. Bart tiptoes in carrying SNOWBALL II.

BART

Okay, cat. Now, if this works, your
next trip will be to the bank vault.

He hangs a little sack with a dollar sign on it around the
cat's neck. He tries to place the frightened cat in one of
the pods, but the cat splays its legs and hangs onto the
door frame.

CAT

(FRANTIC MEOWING)

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER bursts in **BARKING** excitedly. He
leaps on the cat, sending both animals into the pod. The
transporter **HUMS** to life, but then a warning sign flashes:
"DNA MISMATCH." The other pod opens, a **PUFF** of mist
billows forth, and a GROTESQUE CREATURE emerges with a cat
head at one end and a dog head at the other.

BART (CONT'D)

Whoa, cool! Twice the pet and none of
the mess.

A SECOND CREATURE emerges consisting of only two hind ends.

BART (CONT'D)

Ohh. Uhl. You can be Lisa's.

Bart notices a fly **BUZZING** around. It lands on his arm. Bart eyes it thoughtfully.

BART'S FANTASY

Bart and the fly merge (like a computer morph) so that a strapping, muscular Bart now has wings and bulging red eyes. He flies into the air and approaches the school, where he sees JIMBO, DOLPH, KEARNEY, and NELSON in a circle, shoving PRINCIPAL SKINNER back and forth.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Ow! Ow, stop shoving me! Hey, that applies to you, too.

SUPERFLY BART

Why, this looks like a job for
Superfly!

Bart swoops down, picks Skinner up, and flies away.

SKINNER

(RELIEVED GASP) Thanks, Superfly. You sure saved my sweet ar-- Hey! What the...! Aaaagh!

Bart drops Skinner into a **BUBBLING** volcano. The bullies give him a round of **APPLAUSE**.

JIMBO/DOLPH/KEARNEY/NELSON

Woo! Thank you, Superfly!

BACK TO SCENE

BART

(CONVINCED NOISE) I'd be stupid not to do this.

As we hear **DRAMATIC MUSIC**, Bart strides purposefully into the transporter with the fly.

SWISH PAN TO:

The **DOOR OPENING** on the other transporter pod. Out of the dense mist, a **FLY-SIZED BART** emerges. His tiny head is attached to the body of a housefly.

BART

It worked! (LOOKING HIMSELF OVER,
SLIGHTLY DISAPPOINTED NOISE) I was
hoping to be humongous. Oh well, at
least I don't have two butts.

MARGE (O.S.)

What's going on down there? What's all
this mist?

BART

Uh-oh.

Tiny Bart tries to fly out the window, but keeps **BANGING** into the windowpane repeatedly.

BART (CONT'D)

Oh! Ow! Uh!

He finally moves two inches lower and flies out successfully.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The family enters and sees the mist-shrouded pod.

HOMER

(BANGING ON THE POD) Bart, are you in
there? Have you forgotten our little
"kablamo" talk? Bart? (BANGING ON
POD) Bart?

Suddenly, a gruesome figure jumps out of the transporter. It's Bart's body with a hideous giant FLY-HEAD. The head pivots with twitchy, insect-like movements.

HOMER/MARGE/LISA

(SCREAMS)

Marge grabs a broom and starts **WHACKING** the mutant Fly-Head.

FLY-HEAD

(PAINED) Blugggh! Blarrrr!

Lisa is examining the transporter's printout.

LISA

Mom, stop! According to this, it says

Bart mixed up his DNA with a fly's.

(REALIZING) I think that's Bart!

The family looks at Fly-Head, who is curiously examining his new human body. He **FLAPS** his arms in a vain attempt to fly.

FLY-HEAD

(CONFUSED) Blugggh? Blarrrr! Blagh!

HOMER

I think she's right. The pants are a dead giveaway.

MARGE

(SIGHS) Oh, well, he may be a horrible freak, but he's still my son. I'm sure we'll grow to accept him in time.

CLOCK DISSOLVE - ONE HOUR LATER

SCENE 6

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

The family is enjoying breakfast with Fly-Head, who **SLURPS** pancake syrup off a plate with disgusting noises.

HOMER

So then Lenny says, "As if! Don't even
go there, sister." (LAUGHS)

MARGE/LISA

(LAUGH)

LISA (CONT'D)

Good one, Dad.

HOMER

Yeah, well Lenny said it.

FLY-HEAD

(ANGRY) Blaahh!

MARGE

Ohh, you want more syrup, honey?
She squirts more syrup on Fly-Head's plate.

FLY-HEAD

(AFFIRMATIVE) Blah!

LISA

There's one thing I still don't
understand. When Bart went through the
transporter, what happened to his head?

HOMER

Eh, it'll turn up somewhere.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bart has landed in a spider web.

BART

Help me! Help meeeee!

A nasty-looking SPIDER rushes in for the kill.

BART (CONT'D)

Sucker!

At the last second, Bart easily frees his "stuck" arms and gives the spider a quick series of Stooge-like **SLAPS**. Bart **LAUGHS** and flies off. The spider angrily shakes six legs like fists at Bart.

EXT. SIDEWALK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bart joins a **SWARM** of **FLIES** on the ground.

BART

What is it, guys? Somebody drop an ice cream?

Bart pushes his way through the crowd to see the flies are **SWARMING** all over the carcass of a dead **PIGEON**.

BART (CONT'D)

Oh, have you all lost your minds?

(DISGUSTED NOISE) No wonder you're always vomiting. I'm outta here.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fly-Head is relaxing on the couch between Homer and Marge, watching TV and happily eating from a 5-lb. bag of sugar. The two-tailed cat/dog sleeps on his lap, both tails wagging contentedly. Homer puts an arm around Fly-Head's shoulder and tries to sneak his hand into the sugar. Fly-Head notices and **GROWLS** quietly.

HOMER

(AFFECTIONATELY) Okay, okay. It's your sugar, Bart.

Homer pats him lovingly on the head.

ANGLE ON BART

He's perched on the still life of fruit painting.

BART

Yo, what gives?!

An annoyed Bart flies over to the couch and hovers in front of Marge and Homer.

BART (CONT'D)

Mom! Dad! I'm the real Bart! That's
just some overgrown fly with my body!
Somebody listen to me!

FAMILY'S POV

They hear only BUZZING. Marge swipes at Bart with her hand.

MARGE

Mm! Shoo! Shoo, fly!

Bart ZOOMS toward Fly-Head and hovers near his ear.

BART

(NERVOUSLY) Listen, buddy -- this is
all a mistake. If you'll just go
through the transporter with me again,
we'll have you back eating garbage in
no time.

Fly-Head's head whips around to glare at Bart.

FLY-HEAD'S POV

Through his multifaceted eyes, we see a honeycomb view of the room. It RATCHETS IN on Bart.

BART

(FRIGHTENED NOISE)

BACK TO SCENE

FLY-HEAD

(SUDDENLY FURIOUS) BLARRGH!

He leaps up and begins flailing at Bart. He SMASHES a lamp and a stereo.

HOMER

Get 'im, boy! Smash that fly! Mush
him up good!

Bart flees for his life out an open window, which Fly-Head
SLAMS shut behind him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Nice work, son.

Homer **KISSES** Fly-Head on his hairy forehead.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa is studying with a high-intensity light. Suddenly,
she notices a fly's gigantic shadow -- with Bart's head.

LISA

Bart! Is that you?!

Lisa hears only **QUIET BUZZING**. She looks puzzled.

LISA (CONT'D)

(GETS AN IDEA) Wait! Fly into my
saxophone!

She lifts the sax and Bart flies in. It amplifies his
voice.

BART (V.O.)

Help me, Lis! That giant fly stole my
body, and now he's trying to kill me!

LISA

Oh no! And I let him use my
toothbrush! (COUGHS) Well, don't
worry, big brother. If that hideous
creep wants to get at you, he's gonna
have to go through me first.

Just then a strand of goo drips down in front of her. Lisa glances up to see Fly-Head right above her, clinging to the ceiling. She **SCREAMS** and runs out of the room.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

A **SCREAMING** Lisa runs down the stairs being chased by Fly-Head, who **BELLOWS** murderously.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCENE 7

The chase continues into the living room where Homer and Marge are watching TV.

LISA

(**SCREAMS**) Mom, Dad, help! He's trying
to kill me!

HOMER

(**WITHOUT LOOKING**) Nobody likes a
tattletale, honey.

MARGE

They're like this every rainy day.

Lisa and Fly-Head run out of the room into the kitchen.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Bart flies into the kitchen and sees that Fly-Head has cornered Lisa. Fly-Head grabs Lisa by the throat and leans in for the kill. (In the background we see Homer lean out of the transporter, grab a beer from the fridge and **ZAP** out.)

LISA'S POV

In a hideous **CLOSE UP** we see Fly-Head's proboscis extending, as goo oozes and his mandibles **GNASH FURIOUSLY**.

LISA

(**SCREAM**)

Bart bravely charges Fly-Head and hovers in front of his face.

BART

Hey! Get my filthy hands off my
sister!

Fly-Head drops Lisa and, with a lightning quick movement,
SNATCHES Bart from mid-air. He brings a terrified Bart
slowly to his horrible mouth.

BART (CONT'D)

Whoa! No! Don't eat me! You don't
know where I've been!

He nonchalantly pops Bart into his mouth and **SWALLOWS**.

LISA

You just made a big mistake, Fly Boy.

Lisa pushes a button marked "Door" on the microwave. It
springs open, **HITTING** Fly-Head in the face and **KNOCKING** him
backward into the transporter. He disappears in a **FLASH** of
light.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door of the other transporter opens and out of the mist
steps Bart, looking like his old self. Lisa runs in.

LISA

Hey! It worked!

BART

Yeah, I'm back to normal.

He **BURPS** and the fly shoots out of his mouth.

HOMER

(GRAVELY) Well, we were lucky this
time. But it's all too clear that some
things in this universe aren't meant to
be trifled with.

With a purposeful look, Homer picks up an ax.

MARGE

Homer, what are you doing?

HOMER

Something I should have done a long
time ago.

Homer whirls toward Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANGRY) I'll teach you to mess with my
machine!

Bart **SCREAMS** and runs away. Homer chases after him
swinging his ax wildly.

HOMER (O.S.)

I'm gonna chop you good!

MARGE

(SHRUGGING) Rainy days...

HOMER

That cost me 35 cents!

FADE OUT:

THE END

EASY-BAKE COVEN

by

Ned Goldreyer

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - A COLONIAL VILLAGE

SCENE 8

CHYRON: SPRYNGE-FIELDE, 1649 A.D.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A group of bloodthirsty TOWNSPEOPLE are gathered in the square. MISS HOOVER, MRS. SKINNER, AND LUANN VAN HOUTEN are lashed to stakes.

GOVERNOR QUIMBY

You are all hereby found guilty of the
crime of witchcraft. I sentence you
hags to be burned at the stake until
you are deemed fit to re-enter society.

CONSTABLE WIGGUM

Fire it up, boys.

EDDIE and LOU put torches to the wood.

CROWD

(CHEERS)

NELSON

Haw haw.

MARGE

How horrible.

LISA

If they're really witches, why don't
they use their powers to escape?

HOMER

(ACCUSING) That sounds like witch talk
to me, Lisa.

LISA

(FRIGHTENED) Never mind.

GOODMAN FLANDERS

Well, that's seventy-five witches we've
processed. That oughta show God whose
side we're on, eh Pastor?

PASTOR LOVEJOY

Yes, Nedwin, we've completely cleansed
our town of all witchly mischief.

A **SPARK** flies off the fire and lands on the town sign which
reads: "Sprynge-Fielde: 'First Toil, Then the Grave.'" The
sign **BURSTS** into **FLAMES**.

PASTOR LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Na... Uh-oh...

INT. TOWN MEETING HOUSE - LATER

The community is being addressed by PASTOR LOVEJOY.

PASTOR LOVEJOY

Brothers and sisters - there is still a
witch among us.

GOVERNOR QUIMBY

Let us throw open the floor to, ah,
wild accusations.

HOMER

Woo hoo! (POINTING AT MAUDE) I accuse
Goody Flanders.

CROWD

(INDIFFERENT SOUNDS) / I never thought
she...

GOODMAN SKINNER

I accuse Goody Badwife.

CONSTABLE WIGGUM

Uh, we killed her on Sunday.

SIDESHOW MEL

Well, there must be someone here we can
accuse.

BART

(ADULT VOICE) Lisa Simpson!

LISA

Bart, quit it!

BART

She put a spell on me!

Bart staggers around like a zombie.

BART (CONT'D)

Must-drop-pantaloons.

Bart starts to loosen his belt. Marge grabs him and sits
him down.

MARGE

(TO CROWD) Let's come to our senses,
everyone. This witch hunt is turning
into a circus.

GOODMAN MOE

She's the witch!

CROWD

Yeah! / Yes! She's the witch!

GOODMAN SKINNER

(TO NED, ANNOYED) I was just about to
accuse her.

MARGE

This is crazy! I'm not a witch!

GOODY KRABAPPEL

Ha! Then how come your laundry is
always much whiter than mine?!

GOODMAN MOE

Oh, I've heard enough! Burn her!

The crowd **CHEERS** in agreement.

CROWD

Burn her! / Burn her! / Put the match
to her! / (ETC.)

GOVERNOR QUIMBY

People, let us not turn into an angry
mob. Goody Simpson is entitled to due
process.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPRYNGE-FIELDE GORGE - TWILIGHT

SCENE 9

The townspeople are gathered around Marge at the edge of a
windy precipice.

CONSTABLE WIGGUM

Okay, here's how the process works.

You sit on the broom and we shove you
off the cliff.

MARGE

What?!

CONSTABLE WIGGUM

Well, hear me out. If you're innocent, you will fall to an honorable Christian death. If, however, you are the bride of Satan, you will surely fly your broom to safety. At that point you will report back here for torture and beheading.

GOODMAN SKINNER

Tough, but fair.

LISA

Stop! Can't you see this witch hysteria is just a way to blame our problems on innocent scapegoats? Doesn't the Bible say "Judge not lest ye be judged"?

CROWD

(INTROSPECTIVE MURMUR) / Ohh... /
That's a good point. / Hmmm... / Yeah.

CONSTABLE WIGGUM

The bible says a lot of things....

(RE: MARGE) Shove her.

Eddie and Lou **PUSH** Marge off the cliff.

HOMER/BART/LISA

(SCREAM)

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Marge as she plunges down into the ravine, her eyes growing wider as she free-falls toward the canyon floor.

PASTOR LOVEJOY

Brothers and sisters, we have performed
the Lord's work, and sent a good woman
into his waiting...

Suddenly, with a ROAR like an F-15, Marge ZOOMS up behind Lovejoy on her broom and swoops over the crowd. Everyone GASPS in shock, including the Simpsons.

MARGE

(WILD CACKLING)

HOMER

(NERVOUS) Okay, now let's not jump to
conclusions, everyone.

BART

(SURPRISED GASP) Well, I'll be a son
of a witch!

Marge hovers in mid-air, standing triumphantly on her broom.

MARGE

That's right, I'm a witch! And I'm the
one who withered your livestock, soured
your sweetbread and sweetened your sour
cream.

GOODMAN LENNY

Hey, you destroyed my turnip crop.

MARGE

No, that was gophers.

CONSTABLE WIGGUM

Impossible. We, we burned all the
gophers.

MARGE

(SMILING) Not all of them...

Marge makes a witch-like flourish with her left hand and cunningly **ZAPS** him with her right, turning Wiggum into a GIANT GOPHER.

GOODMAN LENNY

(SHOCKED GASP) Hey! That looks like
the gopher that destroyed my crop!

MARGE

And this is for pushing me off the
cliff.

She **URNS** Eddie into a SNOWMAN and Lou into a FAIRY PRINCESS.

CROWD

(AMAZED GASP)

SNOWMAN EDDIE

All right, people. Nothin' to see
here.

PRINCESS LOU

Yeah, show's over, all right. Move
along.

MARGE

As for the rest of you...

Marge's hair begins to **PULSATE**, then a swarm of BATS **BURSTS** out of it. She **ACKLES** and flies away as the terrified crowd is chased by the bats.

HOMER

(SHORT SCREAMS) They're in my hair!

They're in my hair!

INT. WITCH'S CAVE - LATER

PATTY and SELMA, in full witch gear, are stirring a large cauldron.

SELMA

(TASTING BREW) (GRUNTS) This needs more eye of newt.

PATTY

You always want more eye of newt. If it were up to you, the brew would be nothing but newt eyes.

Marge flies into the cave.

SELMA

Well, look who's here. If I knew you were coming, I'd have baked a cat.

MARGE

What a day! They found out I was a witch so I had to leave my family.

PATTY

Really? So you finally left Durwood?

MARGE

(IRKED) His name is Homer.

INT. FLANDERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SCENE 10

Ned and Maude are peering out anxiously at the eerily lit witch cave on a nearby hill.

GOODY MAUDE

Oh, Neddy, look at them up there
plotting our doom. They could force us
to commit wanton acts of carnality.

GOODMAN FLANDERS

(SCOFFS) (MUTTERING, FRUSTRATED)

Yeah, that'll be the day.

GOODY MAUDE

(SHARPLY) What's that, Ned?

GOODMAN FLANDERS

Ah, we shouldn't fear the witches,
Maude. We're both 35. We've already
gone way past our life expectancy...

GOODY MAUDE

But think of the children! I've heard
that witches come to your house and
take your children away to eat them!

INT. WITCH'S CAVE - CONTINUOUS

On the glassy surface of the witch's brew, we see a ghostly
image of Ned and Maude's conversation, complete with audio.
WIDEN to reveal the three witches looking on with interest.

SELMA

("I LIKE IT") Hmm... "Eat their
children?"

PATTY

Geez, we were just gonna swipe their
shoes.

SELMA

But a good idea is a good idea.

They each grab a large sack and hop on their brooms. The three **CACKLING** witches fly off into the night sky.

EXT. FLANDERS' HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Marge, Patty and Selma land outside Ned's house.

MARGE/PATTY/SELMA

(STOP CACKLING ABRUPTLY)

They **POUND** on Ned's door.

GOODMAN FLANDERS (O.S.)

Who is it?

MARGE/PATTY/SELMA

Witches.

GOODY MAUDE (O.S.)

(POLITELY) Um, what do you want?

MARGE

We're here to eat your kids.

GOODMAN FLANDERS (O.S.)

Just a sec. (WHISPERING, THEN) Okay,
come on in... and look at this!

INT. FLANDERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Ned thrusts a large wooden cross at the witches.

PATTY

Oh, puh-leeze.

Patty brushes Ned aside. The witches open their sacks.

SELMA

Now make with the kids.

ROD and TODD obediently start to climb into the sacks.

ROD

Don't blame yourself, Daddy.

The witches **YANK** the drawstrings shut.

TODD (O.S.)

(MUFFLED) You did everything you
could.

The witches start to leave.

GOODMAN FLANDERS

(DESPERATE GRUNTS) Maude, do
something.

Maude frantically looks around the room and grabs a plate
of cookies off the table.

GOODY MAUDE

Uh. Um, well, 'cuse me, are you sure
you ladies wouldn't prefer some
(SELLING) gingerbread children instead?

GOODMAN FLANDERS

(SMILING) (SHORT NERVOUS LAUGH)

They're boneless.

The witches stop and pick up some cookies, intrigued. They
take a bite, smile and drop their sacks.

ROD/TODD (O.S.)

(PAINED MOAN)

EXT. WIGGUM'S' HOUSE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

SARA WIGGUM stands protectively over a smiling Ralph as the
witches leave their house.

RALPH

(WAVING) Bye, witchies. Thanks for
not eating me.

Constable Wiggum, still in gopher form, sticks his head in.

GOPHER CONSTABLE WIGGUM

Yeah, you hags are all right.

The door **CLOSES**. The witches look in their sacks.

SELMA

What did you get?

MARGE

(EXCITED) Candied apple!

PATTY

(HAPPY) I got a caramel cod!

She holds up a large caramel covered fish and **BITES** off the head.

SELMA

(GETTING IDEA) Mm, ya know, scaring
people into giving us treats is fun.
We should do this every year.

MARGE

I just wish we hadn't filled up on all
those kids before we got to the
Flanders'. (LOUD BELCH)

They **CACKLE** and fly off, revealing the OLD SEA CAPTAIN
sitting on a rock. He's closing a large book.

SEA CAPTAIN

(TO CAMERA) Yar... and that's the story of the very first caramel cod. I mean, Halloween. And it wasn't long before this yearly custom became an annual tradition.

We PAN OVER to the village, a year later. It's filled with Halloween decorations, and the townspeople mill about in various costumes. We see Bart dressed as a pirate, Lisa as an Indian, and Homer as a belly dancer. Homer **GRUNTS** as he throws eggs at a house and **BREAKS** windows.

HOMER

C'mon, give us some candy. Don't pretend you're not home!

LISA

Dad, that's our house.

HOMER

(HUMILIATED SILENCE, THEN, POINTING AT

LISA) She's a witch!

The townspeople start chasing a terrified **SCREAMING** Lisa.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Get her! Get her! / She's a witch! /
Yeah, burn her! / Burn her little
yellow butt! / Burn her!

FADE OUT:

THE END